THE

Hawkers New-Year's Gift;

To all their

Worthy MASTERS and MISTRESSES.

MY Noble Masters, and our better Friends,
Your Hawkers humbly at your Levy tend;
By Duty taught submissively to pay
Their annual Tribute on a New-Year's Day:
Customs so good, forgot should never be,
Nor Thanks be wanting in Gratuity.

Pardon me, Sirs, if in a Grub-street Strain,
I Pen the Product of a Hawker's Brain;
Tho' ne'er so Difficult and long about,
To Hammer something New and Merry out,
In hopes, kind Sirs, your Bounty you'll impart,
To clothe your Hawkers Backs, and chear their Hearts;
For faith and troth our Calling is so dead,
We scarce know how to purchase barely Bread.

There's nothing, Masters, that we Hawkers do,
But what's design'd to please and pleasure You,
With true Domestick News and Foreign Mails,
Our honest Master *BUCKERIDGE* never fails;
Tho' young in Years our Interest is his own,
As much as 'twas our Master's dead and gone;
He was our Benefactor as 'twere try'd,
And with that Character he liv'd and dy'd;
For which frail Nature cannot well forbear
To drop upon his Tomb a silent Tear;
To praise the dead, we think it no Offence,
For Truth requires no Art or Eloquence.

His well-trod Paths the Son does still pursue,
In hopes to profit Us, and pleasure You,
Always endeavouring with unweary'd Thought,
To gain the best Intelligence that's brought,
That as his PAPERS extants does appear,
He both may gain Belief, and please the Ear.

And now my Muse does proudly dare to sing,
And humbly send it as an Offering,
That Britain's Isle was ne'er adorn'd before
With such a Prince, as *FREDERICK* late come o'er;
A Prince in whom all Royal Virtues shine,
Of graceful Aspect, and of Right divine;
A Prince in whom the Ocean seem'd to smile,
As gently wafting to our British Isle;
Let Church and State therefore with tuneful Voice
Speak forth his Praise, and chearfully Rejoice.

For War the Soldier calls that he may live,
For Peace the Merchant prays that he may thrive,
And we from Fights and Battles on the Main,
In time of War our greater Profits gain;
When News from *Italy*, from *Spain*, and *France*,
Croud full our PAPERS with Intelligence:
Which that my Masters all shall know,
We daily trudge thro' Frost and Snow,
And fast as Mails arrive, we bring
The welcom News thro' Thick and Thin;
Always endeavouring when we can boast
Surprizing News from Foreign Coast,
And loudly bawl the PENNY-POST;
That Master *BUCKERIDGE* and we together,
May show we never value Weather;
But most submissively as heretofore,
With due Obedience trudge from Door to Door.

The PRAYER.

MAY Truth and Justice govern in this Land,
And all Things prosper that you take in Hand;
May your Dear Spouses Blessings to you prove,
And as you wax in Years, increase in Love:
May all your Children happy Offsprings be,
And Crown your Days with true Felicity.
This is the PRAYER of them that on you wait,
And humbly hope a friendly Boon to get,
For which our daily Prayers shall ever be,
Employ'd for you and all your Family.

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